

Napoleon and Moscow.

It had been prophesied that Russia could not successfully resist Napoleon's attack, even when a much less overwhelming invasion had been contemplated than had now taken place. And these prophecies had come true. The Russians had given up one position after another.

Russians had given up one position after another, other, had been defeated in the field, and finally had lost their capital. Only one anticipation had remained unrealized. The Russians had refused to acknowledge themselves vanquished by signing a treaty of peace. The armies still kept the field, and a *Landwehr* had been set on foot. So far Napoleon's success had fallen short of his expectations, as it had likewise been unable to quell the national resistance. It was possible that this obstinacy might so far embarrass Napoleon as to oblige him to give up the capital again, to repay Smolensk and continue the war in a position nearer to his own frontier. But as this frontier was not, as we are

of the Russian people, the founder of Komsomol, his political views with respect to the country would be well known to the Soviet people. It is not possible to imagine a leader of such a magnitude who would be in danger of such a misinterpretation. It is not possible to imagine a leader who would be so easily deceived by the enemies of the Soviet Union. It is not possible to imagine a leader who would be so easily deceived by the enemies of the Soviet Union. It is not possible to imagine a leader who would be so easily deceived by the enemies of the Soviet Union.

the whole fabric of his power. It would carry us far into the history of France if we should try to explain how it could have happened that such vast destinies should depend upon the clearness of judgment of a single man, so that a fit of rashness and eccentricity in Napoleon should change the face of the world and doom millions to death. It is a less intricate question how Napoleon could be capable of making the mistake he made at Moscow. We are to consider that the

course he took might have been completely successful. Alexander's firmness might have yielded after a little delay to the clamors of his brother and the entreaties of his mother. Nothing is more characteristic of Napoleon than his vivid conception of the character of those with whom he had to deal. We may imagine that in his mind it was registered as a certainty that Alexander could not be firm. No doubt another General would not have dreamed of staking the existence even of an ordinary army upon the soundness of a man of this kind. But Napoleon's synthesis

not have been what he was if he had not come to the aid of the Egyptian people, and over again risked everything to obtain a result that could not be gained by ordinary methods. Such a calculation as he now acted upon had succeeded with him many times before. He ought, indeed, to have known that he was not exempt from failure. His Egyptian failure and his blunder in Spain must have cost him many moments of secret chagrin but the world had been so blind to all this ill luck and had so steadily persisted in regarding him as invincible that he may well have come to

believe himself so. Meanwhile the scale of his affairs had become so gigantic that a single exception to his usual good fortune might have had infinite consequences; the slightest aberration in his mind might be represented by the complete transformation of Europe, just as the infinitesimal displacement of a telescope will make a difference of millions of miles in an astronomical calculation. Thus to exclaim the largest and most sudden reverse of fortune that the world ever saw we have to put together three conditions each unprecedented. First

the course of French history from Louis XIV. through the Revolution to Napoleon, had produced an intense autocracy, unparalleled in the history of civilized States; second, this autocracy was wielded by one who, by a very peculiar course of life, had been trained to hazardous strokes of policy and strategy, such as were altogether forbidden to ordinary rulers; and thirdly, his affairs were on an unprecedented scale of magnitude.—*Life and Times of Stein*. J. R. Seely.

Anecdotes of Macaulay.
It is one thing to be fond of children and another never to get tired of them; and Macaulay, Hannah says was one of those who never got tired. He often spent the whole morning at her home playing with the children, and then, after luncheon, carried one of them off for a long walk. But the great treats for him as well as for them, were the excursions into the city to see the shows. There did not

often enough to suit either him or the children—twice a week is said to have been the average. He would have liked—and they used to last till the little ones, to use his own expression, “could not drag one leg after the other.” The afternoon’s diversions began with a bountiful luncheon in London, to which Macaulay always added some knick-knack for which the children had an especial contempt, for the pleasure

are of seeing them reject it with scorn. The afternoon's sights were the lions and bears in the panoramas and the wax-works, or even the British Museum. One day he tells their mother in a letter how, all the other exhibitors being exhausted, he took the children to the National Gallery, and how, while Charley and Margaret played the connoisseur, Georgy said honestly, "Let us go; there is nothing here that I care for at all," and again "I don't care."

this seeing sights; I have seen no sight to-day." All of which seems to have amused Macaulay greatly. The elaborate process of sending a valentine to his little niece Alice is recorded at length in his diary. February 15 he buys a superb sheet of paper and writes that valentine. February 13 he sends it off to his sister, Fanny, in Brighton. He forwarded, February 14 the whole treasury of his about the valentine; how Fanny came at three with the children, Alice in a pink, azure and

begging quite pathetically to be told the truth about it. When they were alone together she said—the little witch—she was going to be very serious, and down she goes on her knees, lifting up her hands in supplication: "Dear Uncle, do tell the truth to your little girl. Did you send the valentine?" And then he had to own it. Macaulay would do almost anything to please his favorites; he even tried to like their dog, and dogs he was not fond of. In one place in his diary he denounces the animal as "a beast that is always spoiling conversation."

But when the dog was a pet of the children that was another matter, and he bought things for it at the shops, and made poetry about it, to an extent which made the children happy. It had no particular effect upon the dog. When he was busy upon the second installment of his history, he would spend some precious time inserting a gold piece in the seal of a letter to his nephew George, so that it might slip past the post office authorities, and would transmit it with the casual remark that while the best part of a lady's letter was in the

postscript, the best part of an officer's war is in the seal. One day, coming out from a collection of pictures, he saw a more delightful picture, he says, than any there. It was four years old, riding in a donkey cart to six miles shy lane, and quite beside themselves with delight at the treat. They were laughing and singing in a way that almost made him cry with a sense of the beautiful, and when he asked them to go on they sang like little larks. Whereupon all the silver he had in his pocket went to buy dolly—D. D. Idov in *Harper's*.

On Reading Home.
After steeping yourself in his life and essays if you have the art of entering for the time into the spirit of your author, you come out decidedly tepid—a kindly cynic—an easy-going Conservative—a skeptic who likes to sacrifice to the deencies—a utilitarian who defers to the high authority of custom, a moderate epicurean.

whu is as proud of his cook as he is of his mod-
eration, a scorner of popular passion, a careful
apologist for intelligent despotism, with a likeli-
hood for studious temper, for agreeable vanity
for profound inquisitiveness, and for almighty
and complacent incredulity. "Doctor," Hum-
phreys said to his physician during his last illness
when that gentleman proposed to tell a friend
that his patient was recovering, "as I believe
you would not choose to tell any other man

truth, you had better tell him that I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, come wib, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friend could desire." He pleased himself in his last illness with suggesting the excuse he might offer to Charon for delaying the last voyage, and Charon replied: "I thought I might say to him, 'Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time to see how the public receives my alterations.'" But Charon would answer, "Where

you have seen the effect of them, you will be making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses, so, honest friends, please step into the boat.' But I might as well urge, 'Have a little patience, good Charon! I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of the prevailing system of superstition.' But Charon would then lose all temper and decency—'You loitering rogue that will not happen these many hundreds

years. Do you rather I will grant you a leave for so long a time? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy, loitering toger." This was within a week or two of Ham's death, when he was as certain of the approach of the end as every sign of it could make one whose intelligence was far above any vain clinging to false hopes.—The Spectator.

